The F[illegible] Mother's

GARLAND,

Compoſed of ſeveral Excellent

NEW SONGS.

1. The fond Mother.
2. The pretty Grey Hawk.
3. The Jolly Waggoner.
4. The Anſwer to the Jolly Waggoner.
5. The Gypſie Laddie.

Licenſed and entered according to order.

The Fond Mother's GARLAND, &c.

The fond Mother.

Tune Stick a Pin there!

WHen I was a Maiden at fourteen Years old,
If I romp'd with a Man how my Mother would ſcold.

But now I am grown older ſhe bids me be ſhy,
And is always a chiding with *Fy my dear fy*
Fy my dear fy, and is always a chiding with fy
(my dear fy.

But this her fond Chiding how e'er ſo abſurd,
By frequent repeating became a Cant Word,
That if a young Man did but Smiling paſs by,
I could not help crying out fy my Dear fy.

One Evening as under a Hay Cock I lay,
Young *Damon* my Lover by Chance came that Way;
He kneel'd and he Kiſs'd me, and down he would lie,
Altho' I kept calling out, fy my Dear fy.

In

In Love's fondeſt Language he then did repeat
That I was the ſweeteſt, the wiſeſt and beſt,
And that by my Coyneſs he ſurely ſhould die,
Which forc'd me again to ſay, fy my Dear fy.

With twenty ſweet Kiſſes he ſealed each Vow,
And ardently beg'd me ſome Pity to ſhew,
Then wonder'd which Way I my Garter did tye,
L— bleſs me, cried I, Oh! fy my Dear fy.

But ſtill he kept preſſing and talk'd of ſuch Truth,
Of Flames and of Darts, and of Beauty and Youth,
That he'd ever be conſtant if I would comply,
But I threaten'd and chided with, fy my Dear fy.

Yet *Damon* ſtill ſtruggled petition'd and pray'd
And never once minded a Word that I ſaid,
So I let him go on and made no Reply,
For I found 'twas in vain to ſay, fy my Dear fy.

The Pretty Grey Hawk.

ONCE I had a pretty grey Hawk,
She went and came at my Requeſt,
And when ſhe is dreſs'd in her youthful Attire
In my Boſom ſhe builded her Neſt.
My brave Boys, &c.

he builded within and ſhe build'd without,
My pretty Bird flies in and out;

And

And when she spread her Feathers Abroad,
She shad'd me und her Wings,
My brave Boys, &c.

Then I got a Bell and ty'd to her Foot,
Thinking that she was my own;
But she's taken a Flight and gone away quite,
And Nobody knows where she's gone,
My brave Boys, &c.

Then up Streets I walk and down Streets I run,
Like one that is troubl'd in Mind;
I woop'd and I ho'd, and shouted aloud,
But my little Bird I could not find,
My brave Boys, &c.

It's up the green Meadows I walk,
And down the green Meadows I run;
And there I met with my pretty grey Hawk,
She was lying by the Side of a Man,
My brave Boys, &c.

He that hath got her so e'en let him take her,
And make the best of her he can,
For whether I have her or have her not,
I will Hawk with her now and then,
My brave Boys, &c.

Happy is he that hath got a good Wife,
And blessed is he that's got none,
Curs'd is he that goes to a Whore,
And hath a good Wife of his own,
My brave Boys, &c.

The Jolly Waggoner,

AS I was a driving my Waggon one Day,
I met a young Damsel, tight, buxom, and gay;
I kindly accosted her with a low Bow,
And I felt my whole Body I cannot tell how.
Hey gee Dobin, gee ho Dobin, gee gee ho Dobin, gee ho, gee ho.

I longed to be at her, and gave her a Kiss,
She thought me but civil, not took it amiss;
I knew no recalling the Minutes were past,
So began to make Hay while the Sun shine did last.
Hey gee Dobin, &c.

Iv'e six Score of Sheep, and each Ram has his Ewe,
And my Cows when they lack, to the Parson's Bull go;
We are made for each other, to prithee comply,
She blush'd, her Eyes twinkl'd, she could not tell why.
O poor Jenny, *&c.*

I kiss'd her again, she reply'd with Disdain,
No Kisses I want, prithee take them again;
Then whisper'd me softly, the Weather was hot,
And her mind run on something, she could not tell what.
O poor Jenny, *&c.*

Then down in my Waggon this Damsel I laid,
But still I kept driving, for Driving's my Trade,
I ruffl'd her Feathers, and trick'd her Scut,
And I play'd her round Rubbers at two-handed Put.
O brave Roger, *Drive on* Roger, &c.

Her Breasts they were soft and white as new Cream,
And her Motion kept Time with the Bells of my Team,

As

As her Bubbies went up her plump Buttocks went down
So the wheels ſeem'd to ſtand, and the waggon go round.
O brave Roger, &c.

Thus to and again to our Paſtime we went,
And my Cards I play'd fairly to *Jenny's* Content,
I worked at her pump 'till the Sucker was dry,
And then I left pumping, a good Reaſon why.
O poor Roger, *broken back'd* Roger, &c.

I thought e'er we parted to have t'other Blow,
When ſlap went the Waggon Wheel into a Slough,
Which ſhatter'd her very much out of repair,
Then *Roger's* pump Handle run the Devil knows where,
O poor Roger, *broken back'd* Roger, &c.

The Anſwer.

AS *Robin* was Driving his Waggon along,
The Trees in full Bloom, and the Birds in full Song;
The yellow Corn nodded, and wav'd to and fro,
To his Team he kept Whiſtling,
With geehup, geewoa,

A Maid he overtook, and he walk'd by her Side,
The Road was too duſty, he ask'd her to ride;
Then lifted her up, ſhe lay at her Eaſe,
He begg'd to ligg by her, ſhe ſaid if you pleaſe.
Geehup Robin, &c.

His Waggon he ſtop'd, and his Leg o'er her laid,
Oh! what are you doing? then whiſper'd the Maid,
She ſtruggl'd, ſhe threaten'd ſhe vow'd ſhe'd begone,
'Till fainter and fainter, ſhe cry'd out, Drive on,
Drive on Robin, *geeho, geeho.*

He

He whip'd on his Fore Horſe, he jingl'd his Bells,
Such Muſic ye Eunuchs, your Muſic excels.
She kept Time to his Tuning, and ſigh'd at each Sound,
O dear ſays ſhe, *Robin*, the Waggon goes round,
Geehup Robin, *geehup geeho.*

She met him half Way with a Kiſs and a Squeeze,
And innocently liſp'd out, well, do what you pleaſe;
Then ſoftly fell backwards, and bid him go on,
But his Whip Handle broke, and his driving was done,
Ah poor Robin, *geehup geeho.*

Adzooks, crys *Robin*, my Geer is not right,
But lend me your Hand Laſs, I'll ſet it to right,
With a ſweet Compliance ſhe aſſiſted the Swain;
And then he went driving, and driving again,
With geehup Robin, *geehup geeho.*

The Gypſie Laddie.

THE Gypſies came to our Lord's Gate,
And vow but they ſang bonny;
They ſang ſae ſweet, and ſae very compleat,
That down came the fair Lady.

And ſhe came tripping down the Stairs
And a' her Maids before her;
As ſoon as they ſaw her well-far'd Face,
They cooſt ſome Glamer o'er her.

Gae take frae me this gay Mantile,
And bring to me a Plaidie,
For if Kith and Kin and a' had ſworn,
I'll follow the Gypſie Laddie.

Yeſtreen

Yeſtreen I lay in a well made Bed,
And many brave Lord beſide me;
This Night I'll lie in a Tenant's Barn,
Whatever ſhall betide me.

Come to your Bed, ſays *Jonny Faa*,
O come to your Bed, my Deary,
For I vow and I ſwear by the Hilt of my Sword,
That your Lord ſhall nae mair come near ye.

I'll go to Bed with my *Jonny Faa*,
And I'll go to Bed to my Deary,
For I vow and I ſwear by what paſt Yeſtreen,
That my Lord ſhall nae mair come near me.

I'll make a Hap to my *Jonny Faa*,
And I'll make a Hap to my Deary,
And he's get a' the Coat gaes round,
And my Lord ſhall nae mair come near me.

And when our Lord came Hame at e'en,
And ſpeer'd for his fair Lady;
The ane ſhe cry'd, and the other replied,
She's awa' wi' the Gypſie Laddie.

Gae ſaddle to me the black, black Steed,
Gae ſaddle and make him ready,
Before that I either eat or ſleep,
I'll gae ſeek my fair Lady.

And we were fifteen well made Men,
Altho' we were not bonny;
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton Lady.

FINIS